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Transformation of the Dragon

David Sparenberg

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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Additional Keywords

Poetry; Dragon; David Sparenberg

BOOK OF KINGS

by David Sparenberg

Look there!
A false king
grips
with bloody hands
the holy throne.
Drunken
and degenerate
his madness
meets the morning.

Deep
in the shadows
of the heart
a shepherd, pure
with tenderness
strings
a singing harp.

Over
each greening knoll
the white clouds
of spring
imitate
white flocks of sheep.

A
face alive
with childlike wonder
joins
a happy voice.

Behind his tent
the mad king ponders
ruination
of a kingdom
hesitates
and regrets.

Deep
between note
and silence
anointment happens
a name
is spoken.
Over
each greening
knoll...

TRANSFORMATION OF THE DRAGON

by David Sparenberg

Go up in the water
where the serpents run
the phosphorescent lizards
in spirals to the sun

go up
where the fire-
spawn fly.

Lay down my bones
in shamanic mode
lay down my bones
in hermetical blue
in the gray, silvergray
and the sky-water blue
for I
am turned
again.

Cry out to the weatherwild
hex on the door
cry out
to the mirrorless
moonless
marrow of eyes

cry out
to the wings
cry out to the winds
to the shadows of flame
the shadows of things
to this rage
without end

for I
am turned
again.